

Weird, Spooky, Supernatural Stories

ACE

The

BEYOND

OCTOBER 10¢



he c

M
de
ha
11
"Ye
fo

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? I
Must be stupid!"

"Not a bit," I replied.
must very much of

"Our government a
can't lose."

"Who said anything

"So what she could

"It not only could b
Bonds," was my pe
thing running on a

"For every three do
Savings Bonds you
after only ten year
ber of the Paper
money you buy be
your paycheck—I
wafel lot of money
Why what are you

"To wing up my train
train on front too."



"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"And can't low? It automatically was? Must be dead!"

"Our government approves of a home who can't love."

^aMS, m/z value recorded at the base of Figure 1. ^bMS

"For every three dollars you invest in U.S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money a lot faster than you're not looking. Why, what are you doing?"

"Teasing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from 100-0 in U.S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



Contributed by the magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America in a public service.

The GHOST on Television

DO THE SPIRITS OF THOSE TO WHOM WE HAVE DONE SOME IRREPARABLE INJURY RETURN? BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THAT OTHER WHICH ESCAPES OUR SENSES, WE CAN NEITHER EXPLAIN THE CONNECTIONS LIKE NOR ADMIT AN IMPASSABLE BARRIER. WE ONLY KNOW THAT STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN, SUCH AS THAT WHICH BEGAN ONE NIGHT IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE LATE BARRICK NEWTON. HE HAD BEEN DEAD SEVERAL MONTHS. HE HAD BEEN OWNER OF THE NEWTON TELEVISION COMPANY, A FEW MONTHS BEFORE HIS DEATH, HE'D MARRIED LISA DELANEY, A TELEVISION ACTRESS. IN THE WILL PRODUCED BY HUNTLEY ANDRON, HIS LATTER, BARRICK LEFT HIS GREAT WEALTH TO LISA, AND THE TELEVISION COMPANY TO HUNTLEY.





LIDA'S HAND ON THE NEW JACK-
KNIFE HAD LOOSENED, AND SHE
STARED IN TERROR AT THE FINGER
WALKING TOWARD HER.

GO AWAY!

YES, LIDA—
I SHALL GO—BUT
THIS TIME YOU
SHALL GO
WITH ME!

YOU SENT ME ON THE LONG
JOURNEY OF DEATH WITHOUT A
FAREWELL KISS, MY DEAR WIFE!
NOW YOUR HUSBAND HAS COME
BACK TO GIVE YOU—THE
KISS OF DEATH!

NO! NO!

THE STENCH OF THE
GRAVE! IT IS MORE
THAN I CAN BEAR!

AS THE FINGER SLID
UP THE CORAGE PRESSED
HER OWN, A HORRIBLE
SCREAM CAME FROM LIDA'S
THROAT. THEN, FLAMES
BEGAN TO CONSUME HER!

AA-!!-!!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE SHY AND WORRIED
HARVEY ALDRIN HAD SLED TO THE TELEVISION
STUDIO TO DETERMINE WHO HAD SAVED STARR.
THE NEWS DRAMA HE HAD REQUESTED ON THE
NEWTON TELEVISION SET.

HOW DARE YOU PUT ON THE
KIND OF A PROGRAM YOU JUST
TELEVIEWED! WHO WROTE
THAT SCRIPT?

I DON'T GET YOU, MR. ALDRIN!
WE'RE PUTTING ON "WOMEN AND
JULIET"! IT'S BEEN ON FOR THE
LAST TWO HOURS! YOU AND
MRS. NEWTON ORDERED IT!

WOMEN
AND JULIET?
BUT THAT WASN'T
THE PROGRAM WE
GOT! THERE WAS A
MURDER MYSTERY
COMING OVER THIS
CHANNEL!

THERE IT IS,
SIR! THAT'S ALL
THAT'S BOMB OUT
OVER THIS
CHANNEL!

YES, YES...
THERE MUST BE
SOME MISTAKE!
I'LL INVESTIGATE
FURTHER!

DRIVING BACK TO THE NEWTON HOUSE...

WAYNE I GOT MIXED UP ON THE CHANNELS! BUT WHO
COULD KNOW OUR SECRET? THE POISON FOR BARRICK—
THE FORGED WILL—PERHAPS THAT MAN LOOKING
LIKE BARRICK ON THE PROGRAM WAS JUST
AN ACCIDENT!

WHEN HAN REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, SHE WAS ALONE IN THE ROOM.

LISA TRIED TO KILL ME / I KNOW NOW SHE AND HUNTLEY KILLED FATHER / I TRIED TO CALL FATHER WHEN LISA WAS CHOKING ME, AND I THOUGHT I HEARD HIS VOICE HERE IN THIS ROOM!



THEN I HEARD LISA SCREAM! BUT SHE'S GONE! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE COMES BACK! I OUGHT TO GO TO THE POLICE, BUT I HAVE NO REAL PROOF SHE AND HUNTLEY KILLED FATHER!



THAT TELEVISION PROGRAM WAS IT REALLY A BROADCAST, OR WAS IT SOME STRANGE SUPERNATURAL POWER SHOWING ITSELF IN THIS WAY? I MUST TURN IT ON AGAIN!



FATHER!

GO TO MY OFFICE, HAN! PUSH THE BUTTON UNDER THE SECOND DRAWER IN MY DESK AND YOU WILL FIND A SECRET COMPARTMENT! THERE YOU WILL FIND MY WILL!



I SHALL NOT RETURN AFTER TONIGHT, HAN! MY WORK WILL BE DONE, AND I SHALL REST IN PEACE! NOW GO!



STARTLED, HAN RAN OUT OF THE HUNTON HOUSE.

IT- IT WAS FATHER! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT I SHALL DO AS HE TOLD ME!



SOON AFTER HAN LEFT, HUNTLEY JACOBSON RETURNED.

LISA AND I HAVE TO OBTAIN PROOF OF HAN'S BODY TONIGHT!





PERHAPS YOU WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO LIDA AFTER HER HUSBAND'S FOND KISS, HUNTLEY? YOU LOVED LIDA, DIDN'T YOU? AMTES--ENOUGH TO KILL FOR HER--AND FOR YOURSELF. HA / HA /



THIS IS LIDA-- BUT ONLY HER SPIRIT!

NO! NO! HAVE MERCY!



DID YOU AND LIDA HAVE MERCY, HUNTLEY? SO HERE WE FIND LIDA'S BODY LYING ACROSS HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE / THEY WILL FIND HER THERE / GARRICK IS PUTTING AN EMPTY POISON BOTTLE IN HER HAND-- THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE YOU AND LIDA PUT IN GARRICK'S LAST DRINK!



THE DEAD KNOW, HUNTLEY! AND THE DEAD HAVE POWER! YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO LIDA! NOW I AM COMING AFTER YOU!



YOU SHALL FAY, AS LIDA SAID!

YOU'RE DEAD? YOU'RE ROTTING IN YOUR GRAVE? I DON'T KNOW BY WHAT FENISH MANNER YOU MADE THOSE HORRIBLE PICTURES APPEAR, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THE DEAD HAVE POWER OVER THE LIVING!



IT'S THE TELEVISION / IT'S BEMITCHED / I'LL SMASH IT!



WITH THE SOUND OF GHOSTLY LAUGHTER FOLLOWING HIM, HUNTLEY FLED FROM THE HOUSE

IT WAS THE TELEVISION / IT - IT
CAST A SPELL / WHEN I'M AWAY
FROM IT, THEY WILL NOT BE
ABLE TO TOUCH ME!



GHOSTS / MAN /
PERHAPS THEY CAN
COME THROUGH TELE-
VISION, BUT SARRICK
NEWTON WILL NOT
WANT MY DADS /
I'M NOT AFRAID
OF HIM!



OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT
AFRAID OF ME, HUNTLEY /
WHY SHOULD YOU BE ?
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING BUT
SEND YOU TO YOUR DEATH
AND A HORRIBLE
HEREAFTER!



ALL WILL BE WELL WITH YOU NOW, MARY
AND ALL IS WELL WITH ME / I SHALL
REST IN PEACE!



I WILL NOW BRING YOU SOME OF THE HIGHLIGHTS
OF THE DAY / FIRST, SARRICK NEWTON KILLED HERSELF
ON HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE / HUNTLEY ALTHOUGH,
PROMINENT LAWYER, MET DEATH IN AN AUTOMOBILE
ACCIDENT / A NEW WILL WAS FOUND, NAMING MAN
NEWTON SOLE HEIR TO HER
FATHER'S FORTUNE AND
HUGE TELEVISION
INTERESTS!



TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

#31

IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL, NO CASE WAS MORE BAFFLING THAN THE ONE THAT OCCURRED IN THE FAMOUS PENAL INSTITUTION KNOWN AS DEVIL'S ISLAND. IT WAS THE YEAR 1882 WHEN TWO DESPERATE KILLERS ESCAPED FROM THEIR CELLS AND ATTEMPTED TO CROSS THE JUNGLE WHICH WAS THE FIRST STEP TO FREEDOM BUT ONCE IN THE DENSE WILDERNESS, THEY BECAME LOST.



THE AGREEMENT WAS MADE, AND THE DESPERATE MEN WENT OUT OF THE JUNGLE TO THE EDGE OF THE ISLAND, WHICH WAS THE LAST STAGE OF THEIR ESCAPE.



THE TWO MEN TURNED ON THEIR GUIDE AND KILLED HIM! BUT AS HIS FIGURE LAY ON THE BEACH.



THE KILLERS RACED DOWN THE BEACH TO ESCAPE THE DREAFFUL SIGHT THEY HAD SEEN, AND WERE TRAPPED BY THE MARCHING STRONGS ON THE ISLAND.



THE PRISONERS RELATED THEIR WILD ADVENTURE TO THE WARDEN. FAMILIARLY ENOUGH, HE BELIEVED THEIR TALE. HE TOLD THEM THAT MANY MEN WHO HAD TRIED TO ESCAPE MET THIS STRANGE FIGURE IN THE JUNGLE AND THE SAME THING HAD HAPPENED TO THEM. THE WARDEN FURTHER EXPLAINED THAT THIS OLD MAN WAS ONE OF THREE WHO HAD TRIED THE ESCAPE SIXTY YEARS BEFORE, BUT WAS BETRAYED AND KILLED BY HIS TWO COMPAGNES. TO THIS DAY, THE OLD MAN'S SPIRIT HAUNTS THE JUNGLES OF DEVIL'S ISLAND TO THwart ANY ESCAPE OF CRIMINALS. INCREDIBLE, BUT TRUE.

VAULT of the WINGED SPECTRES



TWO YOUNG AMERICAN ENGINEERS, FRANK SPAYES AND TED MADCLIFFE, WERE WORKING ON A DESERT PROJECT FOR THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT WHEN THEY HEARD ONE OF THE DESERT VALLEYS AMONG THE THEBAN HILLS. THEY WERE TOLD THIS WAS "THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS." ALTHOUGH ONLY SHIELDED FROM THE TEEMING LIFE OF THE Nile VALLEY BY A WALL OF CLIFFS, IT WAS REMOTE AND UNEARTHLY--A STERILE, ECHOING REGION THAT THE NATIVES FEARED. FRANK AND TED LAUGHED AT THESE FEARS, UNTIL, ONE NIGHT,



IT COULDN'T BE! IT'S A TRICK OF THE SHADOWS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF AN ANIMAL!



BY THE TIME THE MEN CLIMBED DOWN THE ROCKS THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE SEEN.

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S GONE! I DON'T EVEN HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE MEN!

WHEN THE WORKERS BEGAN DISAPPEARING, I FIGURED THEY JUST DIDN'T WANT TO WORK HERE AND HAD GONE BACK TO THEIR HOMES! BUT NOW I'M WONDERING IF THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO THEM AS THOSE TWO WORKMEN WE SAW BEING CARRIED AWAY!

THE MEN SAY THAT THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, TO KEEP OUTSIDERS FROM DISTURBING OR ROBBIING THE DEAD, THIS BARREN VALLEY WAS USED AS A SECRET PLACE OF ROYAL BURIAL, AND THE WORKERS ARE AFRAID THAT IF THEY ACCIDENTLY DISTURB ANY OF THE TOMBS, DISASTER WILL FOLLOW!



YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT STUFF, DO YOU, TED?

I BELIEVE WHAT I SAW JUST NOW! I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT BEING A MUMMY THAT GRABBED THOSE TWO NATIVE WORKMEN!



THERE ARE TOMBS HIDDEN ALL AROUND HERE IN THESE ROCKS, WITH DEEP UNDERGROUND BURIAL CHAMBERS BENEATH THEM! I SUPPOSE SOME OF THE ROCKS HIDE THE ENTRANCES TO THE TOMBS!



TED! LOOK!

RUN! YOU CAN'T FIGHT A THING LIKE THAT!

I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



IT- IT DIDN'T STOP HIM!

I CAN'T RUN AND LEAVE YOU HERE! IF YOU'RE GOING TO SEE IT THROUGH, I'M WITH YOU!



GAHHHHH!

PUT HIM DOWN, YOU MUNK OF FILTHY RAGE!



SURPRISINGLY, UNDER THEIR DISGUISE, THE MUMMY WAS INTEGRATED!

IT'S SOME / JUST A LOT OF CRUMBLING BONES AND DECAYING CLOTH / BUT LOOK AT THE BIRD--IT CAME OUT OF IT!



THE MUMMY CAME FROM BETWEEN THOSE TWO ROCKS WHERE THE BIRD IS COMING / MAYBE THAT'S THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE TOMBS / LET'S FIND OUT!



THE TWO AMERICANS HAD CERTAINLY NOT EXPECTED TO FIND ANY OTHER LIVING BEING IN THE VALLEY OF SIHAN EL-MULUK

GOOD EVENING, MY FRIENDS!

WHAT THE...?



YOU STARTLED US, SIR / WE'VE JUST HAD A STRANGE EXPERIENCE!

A BATTLE WITH A MUMMY? THEN IT WENT ALL TO PIECES AND A BIRD FLEW OUT OF IT / DO YOU MIND TELLING US WHO YOU ARE, SIR?



MY NAME IS LISI-WIDAI / I COME FOR QUIET AND REPOSE TO A PLACE HIDDEN AWAY HERE IN THE RECESSES OF THE DESOLATE "VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS". I HAPPENED TO BE OUT GETTING A BREATH OF AIR WHEN I HEARD THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE!

YOUR STORY OF A MUMMY AND A BIRD IS AN INTERESTING ONE, BUT FOREIGNERS VERY OFTEN LET THEIR IMAGINATIONS PLAY AMUSING TRICKS!

THE MARKS ON MY THROAT AREN'T THE KIND OF THING I USUALLY IMAGINE!

DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE ANY OF THE SECRET TOMBS ARE HIDDEN? WE WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THEM!

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU

GENTLEMEN FORGOT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT, AND STAYED OUT OF THE VALLEY OF SIHAN EL-MULUK!



WHEN THE TWO AMERICANS GOT BACK
FED THEIR BENT THAT NIGHT? ...

IT SAYS HERE THAT
THE EGYPTIANS BELIEVED
THE DEAD CONTINUED TO
"LIVE" IN THE TOMES
AND THAT THEIR
"LIVEN" COULD BE
PRESERVED BY
MEANS OF MAGIC
SPELLS?

ONE OF THE WOMEN
ADDRESSED TO THE DE-
CEASED WAS
THAT HIS SOUL
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
REJOIN HIS BODY
AT HIS WILL?



WHEN THE SOUL-BIRD, OR BA,
FINALLY RETURNED TO THE
BODY, THE DEAD WOULD
LIVE AGAIN?

A BIRD, EH?
SO YOU KNOW, FRANK-
THERE WAS SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT THAT BOY
NER-NGA, AND THE WAY
HE TURNED UP!



NOW THAT WE'VE GOTTEN
INTO THIS THING, ARE YOU
GAMING TO GO BACK THERE
TOMORROW NIGHT?

YOU BET / I THINK
THERE'S AN EN-
TRANCE TO ONE OF
THE TOMES BE-
TWEEN THOSE
TWO ROCKS!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE IS SOME
SORT OF DOOR HERE BEHIND
THE ROCK, TED!



BUT
AS THEY
SHOOK
OPEN
THE
DOOR
AND
STEPPED
THROUGH,
THEY
SUDDENLY
WENT
HURLING
DOWNWARD!



WELL, IF WE WERE LOOKING FOR
A TOMB--WE FOUND ONE!

ACCORDING TO THE BOOK,
THIS IS THE FUNERAL CHAMBER
WHERE EGYPTIAN NUMMIES
WAITED FOR RESURRECTION!



YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN!

NER-NGA!





ONLY A LIVING SOUL CAN GIVE US PERMANENT LIFE, BECAUSE MANY OF US HAVE LOST OUR OWN BATS, OR SOUL-BIRDS! THOSE WHO CAPTURE A LIVING SOUL MAY RETURN TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING! SO--YOUR SOULS WILL WALK FORTH IN BODIES PLACED HERE MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!



AND JUST HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO GET OUR SOULS AWAY FROM US, MEN-NOA?

YOU SHALL SEE THE OPERATION PERFORMED ON THE TWO WOMEN ONE OF THE DEAD CAPTURED LAST NIGHT!



UGH! THE SMELL OF ANCIENT DEATH IS ALL AROUND!

AYE--IT WAS 3,000 B.C. WHEN I, MEN-NOA, THE GREAT WORKER, PICKED THIS SPOT FOR MY OWN SECRET BURIAL! NOW, WHEN I HAVE RESTORED LIFE TO MY PEOPLE, ALL THE EARTH SHALL BE SUBJECT TO US, BECAUSE BLESSED WITH US WAS MAGIC UNOBTAINED OF!



IMAGINE EGYPT AND THE WORLD RULED BY A BUNCH OF MUMMIES OUR UP AFTER FIVE THOUSAND YEARS!

SILENCE! YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF QUEEN NEPERTI, WHOSE BODY I BROUGHT HERE AND HID SO THAT SHE WOULD REMAIN UNDISTURBED BY WANDALERS UNTIL I COULD RESTORE LIFE TO HER!



WHO ARE THESE STRANGERS, O, MEN-NOA?



THEY ARE INVADERS, MY QUEEN! THEIR SOULS MUST GIVE LIFE TO ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS WHO HAS NOT YET BEEN RESTORED TO FULL BEING, BUT ONLY TO THE HALF-LIFE OF ANIMATION!



BEFORE PHANT AND TED'S HORRIFIED EYES, THE TWO WORKMEN WHO WERE CAPTURED THE NIGHT BEFORE, NOW MET THEIR DEATHS!

AMMON--RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD OF THE TOMBS, COMMANDS YOU TO GIVE UP YOUR SOULS TO THESE SERVANTS OF THE GREAT QUEEN NEPERTI, THAT THE GLORY OF HER COURT MAY ONCE AGAIN GAZE THE WORLD!



PUT THE FOREBODERS
ON THE TABLE!

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR SLUMP
ONE THOSE ZOMBIES THE
TREATMENT, AND GRAB THE
QUEEN! I'LL TRY FOR A
SHOT AT HER--NOA!



WE AREN'T TOO KEEN
ABOUT GIVING UP OUR
SOULS, FRIENDS!

STOP THEM! IF THEY
GET AWAY, WE ARE DOOMED
TO AN AFTERLIFE OF
ETERNAL DARKNESS!



MAGNIFICENT! YOU ARE
LIKE GODS YOURSELVES--
POWERFUL AND
WONDERFUL!



SORRY TO DO THIS, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO USE YOU AS HOSTAGE!
CALL OFF YOUR MUMMIES
AND SERVANTS-- TELL
THEM WE ARE FREE TO
GO!

THOSE BIRDS!
WHERE DID THEY
COME FROM?



I CANNOT CONTROL
EITHER THE MUMMIES
OR THOSE WHO HAVE
RETURNED TO PARTIAL
LIFE. ANY MORE, BE-
CAUSE NOW THE LIFE
HAS FLOWN FROM
THEM AGAIN!



OUR SOUL HAS ALWAYS
BEEN REPRESENTED IN
THE FORM OF A BIRD--
WITH HUMAN HEAD AND
HANDS! IT IS CALLED
THE SOUL-BIRD, OR
BA. IF THE BIRDS CAN
ESCAPE FROM THE TOMB,
THEY WILL DIE, AND THOSE
FROM WHOM THEY ES-
CAPED CAN NEVER
AGAIN HAVE HOPE FOR LIFE!



BUT THEY SHALL NEVER ESCAPE--THOSE SOUL-BIRDS--
AND NEITHER SHALL THE FOREBODERS! STILL HAVE
MAGIC POWER! BIRDS OF LIFE-- ATTACK AND KILL THE
MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN FROM THE BODIES YOU
SHOULD INHABIT!



I'D SHOOT HER--MOA, BUT I DON'T DARE UNCOVER MY EYES OR THEY'LL BE PICKED OUT!

YOU ARE TOO WONDERFUL TO DIE/SOME ME THAT INSTRUMENT THAT SHOOTS FIRE!



YOUR BURNING, YOU CANNOT KNOW WHAT TO DO! THE BLACKNESS OF OBIVION WILL AGAIN COVER US!

I DID NOT DESIRE TO LIVE AGAIN--MOA! YOU WERE AMBITIOUS IN LIFE--AND IN DEATH! IT WAS YOUR AIM TO RISE AGAIN, THROUGH ME!



BANG!



COME, MY FRIENDS-- I WILL SHOW YOU ANOTHER PASSAGE OUT THROUGH THE ROCKS!



ED-- AND ENTER NO MORE TOWER OF THE DEAD! WHEN YOU ARE GONE, I SHALL ONCE AGAIN ENTER MY COFFIN AND DREAM OF THE WORLD WHERE THERE ARE SUCH AS YOU!

YOU'RE A SWELL, GIL, MERFET! I WISH YOU COULD COME WITH US!



MOMENTS LATER...

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN, TED?

IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED! I DON'T HAVE MY GUN! MERFET! HEPT IT! WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT AN OBSESSION QUEEN WHO LIVED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, WOULD BE FOUND AN AMERICAN REVOLVER!



A FEW YEARS LATER, FRANK AND TED SAW AN ACCOUNT IN AN AMERICAN NEWS-PAPER.

Two days unweary in study of the Tomb of Sleep, Officers who entered the tomb of Queen Merfeti were determined to find a member of modern man in the ancient ruins' surroundings! The mystery of how it got there is making the scientific world's busy, skeptical and nervous. Doubtless the tomb was before mentioned in the

Curse of the Midnight Piper

HERE WE ARE AT
LAST, DUNCAN! MY,
IT'S A BLOODY-LOOKING
OLD PLACE, ISN'T IT?

MUCH TOO BLOODY AND
DESERTED FOR A YOUNG GIRL
LIKE YOU TO TAKE OVER.
JEAN / NOW, I...

JEAN MACKORN, A YOUNG
CANADIAN NEWSPERSON, HAD INHERITED
THE ANCESTRAL CASTLE MACKORN
IN SCOTLAND, AND ACCOMPANIED
BY HER NEEP-DONWELL COUSIN,
DUNCAN, WENT TO INVESTIGATE
HER NEWLY ACQUIRED PROPERTY.
BUT WHAT STARTED AS A PLEA-
SURE JAUNT FOR THE YOUNG
OWNER, ENDED IN VIOLENCE AND
DEATH FOR MANY, AS JEAN
MACKORN BECAME INEXTRICABLY
INVOLVED IN THE ANCIENT...

*"Curse of the Midnight
Piper"*



YES, I KNOW—YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED THIS CASTLE,
DUNCAN? I THINK BEING LANDOWNER OF A HUGE
PLACE LIKE THIS MUST APPEAL TO YOU? HERE,
AND THE TREASURE THAT IS... HERE? WHAT
PROMISED TO BE BURIED HERE? LOOK! WHO'S THAT?

HERE? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING,
SHULKING ABOUT
THE CASTLE?

YOU MUST BE JEAN MACKORN! I'VE READ
ABOUT YOU IN THE PRESS. MY NAME IS GRACE
GLOWRY? I AM A SCOTTISH HISTORIAN / YOUR
CASTLE, AND ITS LEGENDS, INTEREST ME / NOW
THAT YOU'VE COME, OF COURSE, I'LL
DISCONTINUE MY RESEARCH!



NO, YOU MUST CONTINUE YOUR STUDY OF THE CASTLE / I INSIST! BUT, TELL ME--WHAT IS THE LEGEND OF CASTLE MACMORAN?

WELL, YOU SEE, THE CASTLE DID NOT ALWAYS BELONG TO YOUR ANCESTORS...

RUARY YEARS AGO, THE CASTLE, WHICH ORIGINALLY BELONGED TO THE CLAN SLOWLY, WAS SEIZED BY THE BLACK DIKE, ARTHUR MACMORAN, AND HIS CLANSMEN / AFTER WEEKS OF FURIOUS FIGHTING, THE CASTLE'S DEFENSES WERE BREACHED, AND THE BADLY OUTNUMBERED SLOWLY FOUGHT DEFEATILY, BUT MANLY AGAINST THE MEN OF BLOODY ARTHUR!

"AFTER A SHORT BATTLE, THE WINNERS BUTCHERED THE SURVIVING SLOWLYS, AND AND THEIR CORPSES THROWN INTO THE MOAT."



"FINALLY, ONLY MALCOLM SLOWLY, THE CLAN PIPER, AND A FINE SWORDSMAN, REMAINED. HE TOOK HIS LAST STAND IN THE ENTRANCE OF THE GUARD TOWER, ON THE TOP PARAPET..."



"I'LL SLAY A LOT OF MACMORANS, ARE I'M DONE FOR, LADIES!"

"BLOODY ARTHUR KNEW THAT HE WOULD LOSE A LOT OF HIS CLANSMEN IF MALCOLM WERE GIVEN A SIGHTING CHANCE / SO, HE ORDERED THE PASSAGWAY TO THE GUARD TOWER SEALED WITH MACMORANS ENTOMBING MALCOLM ALIVE!"



"NOW Y'LL HAVE TIME TO MOURN YOUR CLANSMEN, AND TO PLAY THEIR DIRGE ON YOUR PIPES / IT'LL TAKE A LONG, LONG TIME BEFORE Y'LL STARVE TO DEATH! HEH HEH HEH!"

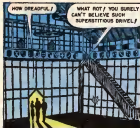
"AS THEY PRESSED THE LAST STONES INTO PLACE, MALCOLM SCREAMED OUT A TERRIBLE CURSE AGAINST ALL OF THE CLAN MACMORAN..."



"YOU HAVEN'T YET HEARD THE LAST OF THE SLOWLYS, BLOODY ARTHUR / A CURSE ON YE, AND ALL YOUR KIN TO FOLLOW YE! WE'LL HAVE OUR REVENGE! THOUGH IT TAKES A THOUSAND YEARS, WE'LL RETURN!"

AS MALCOLM STARVED, HE PLAYED HIS PIPES, AND LONG AFTER HE WAS DEAD, THE SPIRIT MUSIC SEEMED TO BLEAT THROUGH THE CASTLE AT MIDNIGHT. FINALLY IT DROVE BLOODY ARTHUR MAD / BEFORE HE WENT TO HIS PREMATURE DEATH, HE LEFT ORDERS THAT THE SEALED DOORS MUST NEVER BE RE-OPENED, FOR IF THEY WERE, DEATH WOULD COME TO THOSE IN THE CASTLE AND IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE!





HOW DREADFUL!

WHAT NOT / YOU SURELY
CAN'T BELIEVE SUCH
SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL!



BUT, LATE THAT NIGHT...

I'LL EXPLODE
THIS "MIDNIGHT
PIPER" LEGEND ONCE
AND FOR ALL. THESE HIGH-
LANDERS ARE CHILDREN! EVEN
A MAN LIKE BRUCE, WHO SHOULD
KNOW BETTER, BELIEVES IT!
THE FOOLS!



BUT IF MIGHT HOLD
TREASURES! IT WOULD BE
A LIKELY PLACE TO HIDE THEM!
THAT STUPID LEGEND WOULD
FRIGHTEN THEIVES AWAY,
AND MY ANCESTORS WERE
CUNNING MEN!



HAVING BROKEN INTO THE
DECEASED GUARD TOWER, DUNCAN
STOPPED IN HORROR

WHA...?
IT-IT'S TRUE!



THE LEGEND HADN'T BEEN
ALL FANTASY! FOR THERE,
IN THE HOLDING TOWER, LAY
THE CORPSE OF MALCOLM
BLOOMY, HIS RUSTED GLAIVE
AND ROTTEN PIPES CLUTCHED
IN HIS SKELETAL ARMS!



THAT LEGEND WASN'T AS FAR OFF
AS I THOUGHT! BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE HE COULD HARM ANYONE. AFTER ALL,
HE'S BEEN DEAD A FEW HUNDRED YEARS!
SAY--THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



AS DUNCAN LEFT THE GUARD TOWER...

FREE! FREE AT LAST!
AND IT IS MIDNIGHT! THERE'S
WORK TO BE DONE!

ARISE, MY CLARICHEN!
TODAY WE SEEK THE REVENGE
WE HAVE LONGED FOR
ALL THESE YEARS! ARISE
FROM YOUR DRIPPING GRAVE,
AND FOLLOW ME!



FROM THE SLAY DEPTHS OF THE LONG
REFLECTED MOAT . . .

REVENGE! REVENGE! WE'RE WITH
YE, PIPER MALCOLM! DEATH TO ALL WHO
BEAR THE ACCURSED NAME MacHORN!



THIS BEGAN A NIGHT OF
MORROR, AS THE GHOSTLY
GLOWRYS STALKED THROUGH
THE NARROW STREETS OF
THE SLUMMING VILLAGE,
SEEKING OUT THE SURVIVORS
MacHORN!



BOLDLY, FEARED NEITHER MAN NOR DEVIL, THE
GHOSTS BROKE INTO THE HOMES OF THEIR
ENEMY'S DESCENDANTS!



WE'RE HERE TO
AVENGE OURSELVES,
MACHORN, ON YOU AND YOURS!
THE CURSE OF THE MID-
NIGHT PIPER HAS BEGUN!

THE GLOWRYS!
THE GURSE!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



LOOK, JACK! THE
GLOWRY CURSE IS FINALLY
BEING FULFILLED! WE
MUST DO SOMETHING!

WHAT CAN YE DO,
LAD, AGAINST GHOSTS?
BESIDES, THEY CAN'T
HURT YOU! YE'RE
NOT A MACHORN!



I'M NOT A MACHORN,
BUT JEAN IS! I CAN'T
KILL THEM! THEY'RE ALREADY
DEAD! BUT MAYBE THE SOUND
OF GUNFIRE WILL FRIGHTEN
THEM!

NO, BRUCE!
THAT'S NO GOOD!
THE GHOSTS MAY
FRIGHTEN US,
BUT WE CAN'T
FRIGHTEN THEM!



BUTTERED AS THE FULL MOON CAME OUT FROM BEHIND A CLOUD.

LOOK, JACK / THEY DON'T LIKE MOONLIGHT / THEY WEAVE AND STAGGER UNDER IT / THEY SEEM TO BE FADING A LITTLE!

YES, BUT THE LIGHT DOES NOT DESTROY THEM / THEY'LL RETURN TO THEIR VENGEFUL KILLING!



YOU'RE RIGHT, JACK / BUT, IT WILL BE DAYLIGHT SOON! THEY'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO THEIR ABODE OF DARKNESS! IN THE MEANTIME, IT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR THE NEXT TIME THEY DO APPEAR!



THE NEXT DAY, DUNCAN COMES TO VISIT JEAN.

... SO YOU SEE, JEAN, YOU MUST GIVE UP THIS FOOLISH IDEA OF LIVING IN THE CASTLE! SURELY AFTER LAST NIGHT, YOU REALIZE THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE SAFE HERE! BUT I'M A MAN / I COULD DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST THE

HO, DUNCAN! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S ONLY FOR THE TREASURED THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE BURIED HERE!

SHOTS! IF YOU SOLD THE CASTLE TO ME...



YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU LISTEN TO REASON? I SHALL PAY YOU WELL FOR THE CASTLE / I MUST HAVE IT! YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU INSIST ON BEING STUBBORN!

IT'S NO USE, THREATENING ME! I'VE MADE UP MY MIND! I SHALL STAY HERE, BUT I THINK, DUNCAN, THAT YOU SHOULD GO! AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

LUCKILY I LEARNED TO PLAY THE PIPES / I KNEW JEAN'S CURIOSITY. WHEN SHE HEARD MY PLAYING, SHE'LL COME UP HERE TO THE GUARD TOWER, AND I SHALL KILL HER! HERE--WHERE NO ONE WILL EVER FIND ME! SHE WON'T DEPRIVE ME OF THE TREASURE!



JEAN'S TOWER OF MOURN.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY TOWER, YOU FOOL? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS MY REALM?

AAAH!! THE GHOST!



BAM! HE'S FARTED! I'LL
COME BACK FOR HIM LATER!
LIVE HIM WHEN HE IS UNCON-
SCIOUS IS TOO EASY!



WHAT WAS THAT BIRD MUSIC?
COULD IT BE MALCOLM GLOWRY
PLAYING HIS PIPES? I MUST SEE
FOR MYSELF! WHY SHOULD I BE
AFRAID? I'VE DONE NOTHING TO
HARM HIM!



WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME,
MALCOLM GLOWRY? WE HAVEN'T
DONE ANYTHING TO YOU! WHY
SEEK REVENGE ON INNOCENT
MEN AND WOMEN?



YOU'RE A MURDERER! THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!
I'VE WRITES TOO LONG NOW TO LET ANY OF YE GET
AWAY! YOU'RE INNOCENT, ARE, BUT SO WERE MY
CLASHMEN! YOU'LL DIE, JEAN MURDER, AS
WILL EVERYONE WHO BEARS THAT CURSED NAME!



CLASHMEN, ARISE ONCE MORE! OUR
REVENGE IS NOT YET COMPLETE!



GO ON AHEAD OF ME,
CLASHMEN! WHEN I'M
FINISHED HERE, I'LL
JOIN YE!



ARE, MALCOLM --
THROW HER IN THE
MEAT, AS HER ANCE-
STORS DID ME!

THIS IS THE WAY MY CLASHMEN
DIED, JEAN MURDER! IT'S A HORRIBLE
DEATH! PREPARE YOURSELF!

NO, NO!
PLEASE!



BUT JUST AS MALCOLM FORCED
JEAN TO THE BRINK OF THE HIGH
PARAPET, HIS SHOUTING CLAMOR
STUMBLED BACK IN TERROR. A
BEAM OF LIGHT CAME UP THE
STAIRS FORWARD THEM!

IFER MALCOLM... FIGHT ON,
WE ARE LOST! CLAMOR!
THE VILLAGERS! WE SHALL NEVER
CARRY TOWNS! REST! WHILE A
WE CANNOT SEE! MACHORM IS
WE CANNOT RE- MASTER OF
DUT THE FEET OUR CASTLE!
"LIGHT!"



JEAN! ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



YES! THANK HEAVEN
YOU GOT HERE
IN TIME!

GO BACK MALCOLM...
GO BACK THERE!
SHALL WE NO MORE
SLAUGHTER OF
INNOCENT
VILL AGERS!

THOSE
LIGHTS! I
CAN'T SEE!
I'M BEING
FORCED BACK
INTO MY
TOMB!



BEHOLDING THE GHOSTS AT BAY WITH THEIR TORCHES,
THE VILLAGERS REVEALED THE NARROW PASSAGEWAY...

YOUR KILLING IS OVER, MALCOLM!
THIS TIME FOR GOOD!



NO! NO! I'LL
BE BACK!

WE WON'T BE BACK, DARLING!
WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF HIM!
WHICH WE ARE MARRIED, YOU'LL
BE A SLOWLY TOO, AND SO
WILL OUR DESCENDANTS! THEN
THE CASTLE WILL BELONG
TO ITS ORIGINAL OWNERS
AGAIN!



AND THE CURSE
OF THE MIGHTY
IFER WILL BE
ENDED! OH, BRUCE,
I'M SO HAPPY!



BUT THE CURSE WAS NOT QUITE
ENDED YET, FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS
DUNCE HAD BEEN UNKNOWINGLY
STAGED UP IN THE GUARD TOWER
TOWER!

LET ME OUT! LET
ME OUT! DON'T LEAVE ME
HERE TO STARVE!



JEAN AND BRUCE THOUGHT HE HAD JEAN-
PAUL FLED THE CASTLE FOR GOOD, BUT...

WHA...!
NO!
NO!

YOU WON'T STARVE—I'LL
PROMISE YOU THAT MUCH! MY
SWORD SHALL TASTE THE BLOOD
OF A MACHORM AT LEAST
ONCE MORE! HA! HA! HA!



TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

IN 1933, RICHARD DORE, A YOUNG AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGIST, WAS DIGGING THROUGH SOME AZTEC RUINS IN CENTRAL MEXICO. HE FOUND A HUGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER AND ENTERED IT. AFTER LOOKING ABOUT AWHILE, DORE DISCOVERED HE HAD HIT UPON A TOMB WHERE HUMAN SACRIFICES WERE HELD HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO. HE WAS ENTRANCED ABOUT THE DISCOVERY, UNTIL . . .

THIS MUST BE THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR / BUT THERE'S A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD FLOWING FROM THIS STONE HEAD!



DORE TOOK A SMALL JAR FROM HIS POCKET AND FILLED IT WITH THE BLOOD THAT FLOWED FROM THE ALTAR.

I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS SAMPLE BACK TO MEXICO CITY FOR ANALYSIS / THIS BLOOD MUST BE FROM THE MANY HUMANS THOSE AZTECS SACRIFICED ON THIS ALTAR!



THE NEXT DAY, WHEN DORE HAD THE SPECIMEN ANALYZED, HE WAS ASTONISHED TO HEAR THE RESULTS . . .

YES, IT'S HUMAN BLOOD / BUT I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT / THIS BLOOD IS MANY YEARS OLD, AND STILL WELL PRESERVED / YOU MUST TAKE ME TO THE PLACE WHERE IT WAS FOUND!



WHEN THE TWO MEN REACHED THE TEMPLE, ANOTHER STRANGE EVENT AWAITED THEM.

LOOK! THIS DUST-- IT'S RED! BUT I SEE NO BLOOD ANYWHERE!

I'M GOING TO TAKE A SAMPLE OF THIS RED DUST AND COMPARE IT WITH THE BLOOD BACK IN THE LABORATORY!



BACK AT THE LABORATORY SOME MORE, THE DUST WAS ANALYZED AND FOUND TO BE THE SAME AS THE LIQUID SAMPLE . . .

THIS IS PHENOMENAL! BOTH THE ANALYSES ARE THE SAME! BUT HOW COULD BLOOD HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD STILL STILL REMAIN IN A LIQUID FORM?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE BLOOD FLOWED FROM THAT STATUE-HEAD! IT IS STRANGE!



STRANGE, indeed, and inconceivable. Many scientists and archaeologists visited that Aztec tomb to find an answer for the weird occurrence. Yet, till this day, no explanation is forthcoming. But every so often a visitor to the sacrificial altar would find the fountain spouting forth human blood. And so again, another strange incident takes its place in the annals of the supernatural!

THE UNINVITED GUEST

The party was in full swing at the villa of Don Lopo Lopez in Barcelona. It was a gala affair, with the ladies and men in full dress attire. For this was the party announcing the engagement of Don Lopez's son, Raphael, and since Don Lopez was the wealthiest man in Barcelona, everyone of any importance had appeared.

Don Lopez stammered friendly among his guests, making a gracious welcome as he spotted yet another person of long acquaintance. The room was stuffy and crowded, though, and he made his way toward the French doors that led to the garden outside.

As the night air touched his face, he stopped his brow. He gazed around him and was pleased. Over to the left, in the reflected moonlight loomed the skeletal outlines of the construction machinery which was laying a foundation for an addition to the villa. This would be for Raphael and his bride. Even though Don Lopez no longer controlled as much land and soils as his ancestors had, the family fortune was still great, and there was plenty to pass on to his son.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, he felt someone standing beside him. He'd heard no one come up. He turned and was relieved to see that it was one of the guests. The man standing beside him wore full dress attire.

"You prosper and are pleased," the man said softly.

"This was an odd and blunt question, and Don Lopez fairly bristled.

"My fortune is the result of hard work," he said shortly. "Many others have done the same."

"But not many have been born to fortunes built on the blood of others."

The man's impudence startled Don Lopez, and he looked up sharply to see who it was. He met the stranger's eyes, and they seemed to glow with a strange, cold hatred. He didn't recognize this man, and as he examined the features closely, his blood started to drain away.

Despite the correct evening dress, Don Lopez wanted to feel the brack of some icy, freezing temperature in the other's searers. And then he noticed the angle at which the man carried his head. It was no one else, bald there brokenly as though the neck had snapped. For a moment a cloud passed over the moon, obscuring Don Lopez's vision, and then when it had passed, in the clear light there was revealed the man, red marks on the other's neck, not com-

pletely hidden by his collar—marks that could come only from a hangman's rope!

The stranger seemed to gain Don Lopez's thoughts, and as horror spread across the nobleman's features, the man laughed softly. Then he turned and headed back toward the ballroom.

For a moment Don Lopez was held motionless there, gripped in nameless terror at what he'd seen, his only feeling relief that this hideous creature had gone from his sight. Then as reason returned, he hurried toward the ballroom. He would seek out this stranger and determine who he was.

But though Don Lopez watched the ballroom all evening, there was no sign of the stranger. At first he reasoned that the fellow had left, but then as he questioned his guests, he learned that no one had seen the man.

Don Lopez was sorely troubled as he bid the last of his guests good-by. He went upstairs to bed, but still, he could not dismiss the happening from his mind. It was true, he reasoned, that the fellow might never have entered the ballroom, but had merely hung out on the grounds of the estate to scout him. But then, why had he been attired in evening clothes? It would have to be some elaborate joke for the fellow to go to all that trouble. As Don Lopez stood brooding at his bedroom window, he thought of the peculiar angle at which the stranger had held his neck, and he shuddered.

As if to confirm his thoughts, down below in the garden a dark form moved. It stopped below Don Lopez's window, and looked up. There was the malignant countenance of the stranger, and the triumphant, evil smile it wore only added to the horror of its twisted neck.

With a cry Don Lopez pulled the drapes together. Then he rang for his servant. "Go search the garden," he commanded. "There is a intruder there. Scan him and bring him to me. Don't let him leave."

But an hour later the servant returned alone. "There is no one there, Don Lopez," he announced puzzled. "The last guests have driven away."

Don Lopez dismissed the servant then. But he could not sleep and finally he determined to go to the library and seek out an ancient account of his family history that he dimly recalled seeing there.

The book he located was old, bound in leather that was watered from the passage of time. The binding was so worn it fell apart in his hands, and he glanced at the opened page. There portrayed was the

man he'd seen tonight! The painting showed him hanging from a gallows, his body held in some awful lightness of death. In every detail across the face he'd seen that evening—except that here the man wore a wife's rough clothes.

Hurriedly Don Lopez turned the page, and now encountered the story of that long forgotten happening. The account was by Antonio Lopez, Don Lopez's ancestor.

The hanged man was named Benedicta, a son in Antonio's service. He'd been ambitious and hard-working, and finally he'd saved enough money to buy his way out of servitude and purchase a small plot of ground on Antonio's estate.

One day a rich vein of gold was discovered on Benedicta's land, and Antonio's love for money overcame him. He'd framed Benedicta with the murder of another son and had him hanged. Then Antonio had confiscated back his land.

"Do not disturb the crypt where Benedicta lies buried," warned the ancient nobleman. "To do so means to have disaster befall, because the innocent cry out for vengeance." Then Antonio had added, "If the crypt is disturbed, remember that the restless dead can be paid to rest forever if twice hanged."

There followed then a map of the estate, and now dawn came through Don Lopez. For there was no doubt that the crypt was located directly under the ground where excavation had been made.

Don Lopez shut the book. He could not rest until he had located the crypt and made certain that it was undisturbed. Only then, he knew, could he dismiss the strange encounter of that evening.

He strode out to the garden and toward the excavation that would soon hold the foundation of Raphael's apartments. He scrambled down the embankment and stood there in the moonlight, minutely examining the sodded earth. Finally it seemed to him that he saw the gleam of metal. He went closer and scraped away at the reluctant earth until finally there stood revealed to him the outlines of a door. Even as he looked at it, he knew—it was the entrance to the forgotten crypt.

Carefully he examined around the edges, looking to see if there had been anything disturbed. As his fingers found the edges of the metal door, he felt the jagged remains of the quicklime that had originally sealed the crypt. It had been broken open. He pried the door ajar and entered. And then he saw the opened, empty coffin, the lid flung back, and the chains that had held it closed lying slackly on the floor.

On impulse Don Lopez seized up a piece of the broken chain and hurried out of the crypt. He knew that if his visitor returned, there was only one course he could follow. And as Don Lopez climbed out of

the pit and made his way back to the house, some premonition told him what he would find awaiting his arrival.

The creature sat in Don Lopez's chair near the window in his bedroom, as if it had been waiting for his return. Still dressed in evening clothes, the specter gave Don Lopez a crooked smile. It showed its ghastly broken teeth and said, "Long have I waited for you. Now my sleep is ended, and I demand my revenge. Now that you have disturbed my restless sleep, you shall pay for the crime that made me one of the undead, responded in endless agony until my tribulation could be eased."

He rose then, and he came slowly toward Don Lopez, his arms extended, the clawlike hands curved to enforce some awful embrace. The smile remained on the ghastly lips, and the head tilted at a broken angle.

Horrible as the attack was, somehow Don Lopez had been prepared for it. Ever since he'd opened up that ancient book, he'd sensed that this moment must come, and now he knew he had to meet it. Craftily Don Lopez awaited his attacker. Then, as the specter came closer, the nobleman twisted out his chain and attempted to wrap it around the other's neck, for he remembered that the twice hanged could do no more harm.

But something had gone wrong, and somehow he caught his head in the noose, too. The specter grasped with him then, trying to free itself, and the strain of the tightening chain pressed in on Don Lopez's neck. That was finally just his scream, "No, no!" before he saw a flash of blinding light and knew no more.

Don Lopez's disappearance caused much concern the next morning when his bedroom was discovered empty and his bed not slept in. A careful search of the estate showed no trace of him. After several weeks, it was thought he'd wandered off, possibly a victim of amnesia, and it was assumed that he would eventually find his way back.

Since they could do no more, excavation was begun again on the intended site of Raphael's quarters, and that was when they discovered the crypt. Within the crypt they found Don Lopez! He lay dead upon the floor, his body entangled in the chains that weighed a coffin to the ground. His neck had been broken when he'd obviously tripped across the chains and gotten caught in them. Then when the coffin was opened they found within it the moldered remains of someone identified by the nameplate as Benedicta. But what no one could figure out was how Don Lopez had gotten into the crypt. For it had been sealed tight when the excavators came across it, and they'd had to break open the long-sealed door to gain access to it!

THE END

They Burned a Witch



FOOLS! BY BURNING MY WRETCHED BODY, YOU LEAVE NO COMPE IN WHICH TO ENCLOSE MY SPIRIT! AND SO I SHALL WANDER AMONG YOU FOREVER, BRINGING MISFORTUNE AND EVIL TO YOUR DESCENDANTS!

AMONG THE MANY WITCHES BURNED AT THE STAKE BY THE INQUISITORS OF THE 15TH CENTURY WAS AN OLD MAD NAMED CORNELIE. THE TOWN WAS LEITH-TREHAYNE, A FISHING VILLAGE THAT CLIMBED THE DODGY CLIFFS TO THE WEST, AND FACED THE DESOLATE HENT MARCHES ON THE EAST. LET US GO TO LEITH-TREHAYNE THROUGH THESE PAGES AND SEE IF WE CAN DISCOVER WHETHER OR NOT THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED LIKE CORNELIE CAN REALLY RETURN. ARE THEY STILL AMONG US, POSSESSED OF UNDEFINED, MYSTERIOUS AND AMPUL EXISTENCE? NO ONE CAN SAY.

UPON YOU ESPECIALLY, MY LORD LEITH-TREHAYNE, WILL MY CURSE DESCEND! AND WHEN MY SPIRIT IS FINALLY BURIED IN BODY-FORM, THE LAST OF THE LEITH-TREHAYNE BLOOD WILL BE BURIED WITH IT!



AS CORNELIE OFFERED THE LAST OF HER CURSE, THE FLAMES ENVELOPED HER BODY, AND WITH A HORRIBLE SCREAM, LIFE LEFT HER BODY.

YOUR CURSE DOES NOT FRIGHTEN ME, HAS! SINCE THE FLAMES WILL LEAVE NOTHING OF YOUR BODY TO BURN, MY DESCENDANTS NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT THE END OF THE FAMILY, OR OF BEING BURIED WITH A WITCH!



THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS STORM THAT NIGHT—A STORM THAT UPROOTED HEDGES AND TREES AND DESTROYED FARMS AND CROPS. THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAID THE VOICE OF THE WITCH WAS HEARD AGAINST THE DARKNESS AND LIGHTNING.

AND NOW BEING MY EVIL GAMB, I RAISE THE WIND IN THE DEVIL'S NAME, IT SHALL NOT STOP TILL I PLEASE AGAIN!



IN THE CASTLE OF LEITH-TREMAINE...

THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE WHO HAVE NOT PERISHED IN THE STORM ARE FLEEING THE VILLAGE. IT WAS A MISTAKE TO BURN THE WITCH! NOW IN THE DUNGEON IS THE MAN WHOSE, SAID TO BE A SORCERER, AND AWAITING A LIKE SENTENCE TO THE WITCH'S! I BEG OF YOU SEEK HIS ADVICE AND GIVE HIM A PAROLE IN RETURN!

I WILL NOT TRADE WITH THE FORCES OF EVIL!



YOU WILL DESTROY US ALL BY YOUR STUBBORNNESS! I, TOO, SHALL LEAVE HERE AND TAKE OUR BABY WITH ME!

WHEN THE STORM PASSED, YOU WILL REALIZE HOW BALLY YOU HAVE BEEN!



THE STORM BATTERED THE RETURNING FISHING-BOATS AGAINST THE CLIFFS!

HELP!
HELP!

THE WITCH! I HEAR HER LAUGHTER! IT IS THE BEGINNING OF MISFORTUNE FOR LEITH-TREMAINE AND ALL OF US WHO LIVE HERE!



AN HOUR LATER, LADY LEITH-TREMAINE, WITH HER CHILD AND A MIDWINTERMAN, WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE THE CASTLE...

AIEEEEE! THAT SHADOW! IT IS THE WITCH!



MY LADY!

EEEEEE!



SHE IS DEAD, SIRE! HER NECK IS BROKEN! THE CHILD, TOO, WAS KILLED IN THE FALL!

THAT LAUGHTER! SO YOU HEAR IT?

THAT NIGHT, LEITH-FREEMAN WENT DOWN TO THE
DUNGEON ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

THEY SAY THAT YOU ARE
A SORCERER, MOURN--
THAT YOU HAVE KNOW-
LEDGE OF MAGIC ARTS?
IF THAT IS SO, PERHAPS
YOU CAN HELP ME!

IT IS BECAUSE THEY
SAY I AM A SORCERER
WITH SUCH KNOWLEDGE
THAT YOU INTEND TO BURN
ME, SIRE! SO WHY SHOULD I
ADMIT IT AND HASTEN
MY OWN DEATH?



IF YOU WILL, HELP ME
FREE MYSELF AND THE
TOWN FROM THE WITCH'S
CURSE. I WILL PARDON
YOU, AND NO ONE SHALL
BOTHER YOU AGAIN!

A CURSE ONCE UT-
TERED REMAINS.
UNTIL IT IS FULFIL-
LED! I CANNOT
FREE YOU FROM THAT
FINAL FULFILLMENT,
BUT I CAN RETARD
THE POWER OF THE
CURSE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE SCENE TOOK PLACE
ON THE CASTLE ROOF.

I SHALL SUMMON THE
SPIRIT OF CORNELIE. SHE MUST PUT THE CAT INTO A
TRANCE / AS CONSCIOUSNESS LEAVES THE CAT, THE
SPIRIT OF CORNELIE WILL ENTER ITS BODY!



LEITH-FREEMAN OFFERED A PETAL INCANTATION
FOR THE CAT TO ENTER A TRANCE.

IN THE NAME OF THE SATANIC POWER WE
BOTH SERVE, I SUMMON THE SPIRIT OF
CORNELIE TO COME FORTH AND ENTER
INTO THIS
CREATURE!



SUDDENLY, THE STORM ENDED
AS THE DIABOLICAL-LOOKING
CAT JUMPED INTO THE AIR!

GRAB IT! DON'T LET
IT GET AWAY!



SPITTING, SCRATCHING AND
STRUGGLING, THE CAT WAS WAL-
LED UP IN THE DUNGEON.

AS LONG AS THE WITCH'S
SPIRIT REMAINS IN THE CAT,
AND AS LONG AS THE CAT RE-
MAINS IMPRISONED IN THIS WALL,
YOU AND YOUR FAMILY AND THE
COUNTRY ARE FREE FROM
ITS POWER!

THEN WE ARE
FREE FOREVER! IT
WILL NEVER GET
OUT OF THERE!



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS PASSED, AND DISEASE, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HIT THE WALLS OF LEITH-TREMAINE AND THE CASTLE. THIS TIME IT WAS A GERMAN AIRCRAFT WORLD WAR II



STONES THAT HAD LASTED THROUGH THE CENTURIES WERE SHAKEN LOOSE!



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE CELLARS

WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE RAID IS OVER, CORA / BUT ONE OF THESE BOMBS HIT THE CASTLE / I HOPE IT DIDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE!

LADY LEITH-TREMAINE--LOOK! A CAT / I WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM?



PERHAPS IT WANDERED IN FROM OUTSIDE / I'M GLAD MY SON BOYSIE ISN'T AROUND / HE HATES HIS DISLIKE OF CATS FROM HIS FATHER / I'VE HEARD IT'S A FAMILY CHARACTERISTIC-- NO LEITH-TREMAINE CAN STAND HAVING A CAT AROUND!



WHY-WHY, IT SOUNDED AS THOUGH THE CREATURE LAUGHED / A HORRIBLE LAUGH / SOMEHOW IT LOOKED MORE EVIL THAN ANY CAT I'VE EVER SEEN!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE / YOU'LL SEND ONE OF THE SERVANTS BACK TO GET RID OF IT!



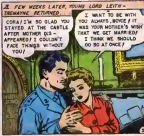
BUT THE SERVANTS WEREN'T ABLE TO FIND THE CAT THAT NIGHT, HOWEVER, CORA MARSH, THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WOMAN WHO WAS A GUEST AT THE CASTLE, SUDDENLY AWOKE

IT--IT'S THE CAT!





THE NEXT MORNING...



BUT AFTER THE WEDDING, LORD LEITH-TREMAINE BEGAN TO WONDER IF HE HAD MADE A MISTAKE...

NOTHING SEEMS TO BE THE SAME SINCE MOTHER'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE! EVEN CORA SEEMS DIFFERENT TO ME / ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WERE A DIFFERENT PERSON!



AND STRANGE THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE...

HE TOOK ALL RIGHT AFTER YOUNG LADY LEITH-TREMAINE VISITED US! THE LADIES FROM THE CASTLE HAVE ALWAYS VISITED THE VILLAGE, BUT SOMEHOW, WHEREVER THIS ONE GOES, SOMETHING HAPPENS-- LIKE SHE SWITCHED US, YOU MIGHT SAY!



YOU MUSTN'T TALK NON-SENSE! PEOPLE HAVE GOTTEN OVER BELIEVING IN SUPERSTITIONS, AND WE ALL KNOW IT IS IM-POSSIBLE FOR ONE PERSON TO SWITCH ANOTHER!



MY CORN! IT-IT FELT DEAD!

LOOK AT MY CORN! IT IS WITHERING LIKE A SLIGHT HAD HIT IT!

HEH! HEH! HEH!



IT'S HER--THE NEW LADY LEITH-TREMAINE! WHEN SHE VISITED OUR HOUSE, MY OLD SPANNY DIED! SHE'S A WITCH!

WHEN SHE PASSES BY, EVIL BEFALLS ALL THAT SHE CASTS HER EYE UPON! UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING TO GET RID OF HER, WE'LL KNOW NOTHING BUT EVIL!



MISFORTUNE AND EVIL! I'LL SPREAD THEM UNTIL THE REST OF MY CURSE COMES TRUE! HEE/HEE!



THAT NIGHT...

MY CROPS ARE RUINED! IT HAPPENED WHEN SHE WALKED BY! LADY LEITH-TREMAINE IS A WITCH!

MY WIFE DIED WHEN THE LADY LEITH-TREMAINE HELD HER HAND!

THEY BURNED EACH AS SHE IN THIS VERY SQUARE LONG AGO! BURN HER!





THE LAST OF THE LEITH-TREMAYNE BLOOD LIES BURIED IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS BEHIND THE ROCKS. AND WITH HIM WENT THE BODY OF THE WITCH IN A FORM AS EVIL AS THE SPIRIT THAT AT LAST FULFILLED ITS OWN PROPHECY. BUT THINGS LIKE THIS CAN HAPPEN, REALLY. WELL, CAN THEY?



Goose? or Nest?

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE ?

For some reason, the goose egg stands for zero . . . nothing.

The nest egg, however, stands for a tidy sum of money, set aside for your own or your children's future.

It's hardly necessary to ask you which you'd prefer.

But it is necessary to ask yourself what you are doing to make sure you don't end up with a goose egg instead of a nest egg ten years from now.

The simple, easy, and obvious thing to do is to buy U. S. Savings Bonds.

Buy them regularly, automatically, on a

plan that pays for them out of the month-to-month income you make today.

Millions of Americans have adopted this practically painless way to save up a nice nest egg for the needs and wants of the future.

In 10 years they get back \$40 for every \$30 invested in U. S. Savings Bonds—bonds as safe and solid as the Statue of Liberty.

There's a special Savings Bond Plan for you. Ask your employer or banker about it today . . . and get started now.

You'll soon realize it's one of the most important and comforting things you ever did!

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

